

Nick Poodoo, Action Scientist

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Summary: A band of scientists led by a Nick Poodoo must deal with hostile aliens, soldiers that want them dead, and that annoying G-Man.

1. Another Boring Day

Nick Poodoo, Action Scientist

>
Chapter 1

>
Another boring day at the Black Mesa Research facility. Nick scratched what was left of his hair as he went to the soda machine. On the way, he spotted his friend, Byron. Nick waved, and Byron waved back. Nick put a quarter into the machine and pressed the button for his favorite fruit juice, "Prunetang." He sat down to enjoy his drink when that bastard Freeman passed by. He had his HEV suit on, and he was walking confidently in the direction of the testing chamber. Man, Nick hated that guy. Freeman stopped in the doorway of the break room and looked directly at Nick.

>"Niiiiick. The Nickster. Nick-o-rama. Nickelodeon. Baron Von Nicktenschtein. Nick-Knack-Paddy-Whack give the dog a boooone."
"Hi, Gordon."

>"Little Nicky. Nick comes in just at the Nick of time.

Niiiiiiiick."
"Yeah, that's great Gordon. Could you please stop that."

>"Sure Nicola. So, wassup?"
"Nothin'. Just havin' a Prunetang, talkin' to you."

>"True, true. So, how's the Rogaine-I mean wife?"
"I don't have a wife Gordon, you know that."

>"Oh, yeah."
They both stood there, engaged in the most awkward of silences. Naturally, Gordon broke it.

>"You ever take a dump so big that it makes the toilet overflow?"
"No."

>"Oh, well, uh, I sure haven't."
"Right. Don't you have to be in the testing chamber?"

>"Oh, yeah. Bye."
"What a dumbass."

>"What? Did you say something?"
"No, of course not."

>Gordon left nervously. Nick propped his feet up on another chair and

massaged his bald head. "How's the Rogaine?" Hmmp. Bastard. Nick sat back and watched the other scientists scurry about like mice, each of them doing what they considered to be most important to today's experiment.
"Don't fuck this one up," they would say.

>"The administrator is watching," they cried.
Nick mostly just sat in the back and laughed. He was the head scientist, so he could fake importance most of the time. In case the administrator did come in, Nick would rush over to a microscope and look through the lens at an invisible specimen.

>"Hmm, very interesting," He would say. The administrator would then leave without a word. Man, that administrator was one creepy mofo. The scientists had come to call him "The G-Man," since everybody knew he worked for the government, but nobody was sure exactly what division. He had bags under his eyes the size of Dennis Rodman's ego, and a speech impediment that made him sound like some sort of weird snake.
"Sssso, misssssster Poodoo, what are we working on today?"

>"Oh, you know, this and that. Hmm, very interesting."
"Yesssss, very good. Back to work, misssssster Poodoo."

>"Dumbass."
"What? Did you ssssssay ssssssomething?"

>"No, of course not."
The weirdo also carried this suitcase around all the time. In the six years he had been working here, not once had he seen the G-Man open that thing. The staff had made a pool, where each person bet on what they thought was in the suitcase. Currently, Nick had twenty bucks on "Dildo."

>Bored, Nick stood up and walked in the direction of the testing chamber, hoping for something possibly interesting to happen. About halfway there, the entire facility was rocked by what seemed like an earthquake. Suddenly, electronic equipment exploded, walls collapsed, and strange crab-like creatures appeared out of thin air. One appeared roughly two feet away from Nick. As it approached, Nick had one thought.
"Oh, Shit."

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2. The Day Livens Up

Chapter 2

>
"Oh, shit." Nick slowly backed away from the crab-like monster, careful not to make any sudden movements. He looked up, hoping for some help from another scientist. Unfortunately, the only people currently in the room were Nick and the headcrab.

>Nick suddenly got an idea. He fished into his pockets for that chocolate bar he had been eating earlier. During the time he had been searching through the pockets of his white lab coat, his gaze never fell from the headcrab, and the headcrab never stopped moving. It moved slowly, carefully, silently.
Finally, Nick retrieved the "Munch" chocolate bar.

>"Hey, dickhead. You want this?" He waved it around, trying to attract its attention.
"You want this? Huh? Go get it." And with that, he threw the candy bar across the room. The headcrab turned around for an instant, and then it focused its attention back on Nick.

>"Oh, shit."
Suddenly, the headcrab lunged directly at Nick; its legs splayed outward in attack position. Nick quickly jumped out of the way just in time for the little cocksucker to slam straight into the door that Nick had come through.

>"HA HA," Nick yelled.
Quickly, Nick rushed over to the momentarily dazed headcrab and quickly jumped on top of it.

>Nick heard the satisfying crunch of bones as his feet came crashing

down on the headcrab's back. Green ooze seeped out of the alien's back. The headcrab twitched slightly, and with a small burp of bodily fluids, it died.
Nick could only think of one statement to sum up what had just happened to him.

>"WHAT THE FUCK?"

>Nick picked up the crab corpse and examined it, hoping to find some sign of what the hell this was. Obviously, there would be no such luck without a microscope.
Nick turned around and went back the way he came, to the direction of the scientific equipment. On the way, he spotted a dying guard. He kneeled down next to him.

>"What the hell happened?" Nick asked.
"I don't know, but it might have something to do with that new sample we got. Mr. Freeman tested it today."

>"Hmm." Gordon always did have a knack for screwing things up.
"Anyway, take this." The guard held out a pistol.

>"Okey-dokey."
"See ya, Mr. Poodoo."

>"See ya, Charlie."
Nick stood up as Charlie died, farting and bleeding. Nick pocketed the pistol and ran as fast as he could to the research and development lab.

>When he got there, he laid the ex-headcrab down on a table and sat down. Man, that was some freaky shit. Nick closed his eyes momentarily, trying to get a grip on the current situation.
When he opened them, he spotted something moving in his peripheral vision. He took his gun out and carefully approached the shadows to his left.

>"Come out or I'll shoot your nuts off!"
Suddenly, scientist jumped out from the shadows. Nick would later remember that he was the boss of this particular one. At the time, however, he wrongly figured that this black, middle-aged scientist was some sort of demon creature from Mars. He pulled the trigger thrice. Nick wasn't ready for the kick of the gun, so he immediately lost control of it; the gun jerked its way out of his hands and clattered to the floor. The scientist fell to the floor, clutching his leg.

>"What in the flyin' fuck did you do that for?"
Nick looked down at the man he had moments before intended to put three bullets into.

>"Barry?"
Barry whimpered and nodded.

>"What the hell happened?"
"Well, I was in the shadows masturbating, then you came in so I pulled up my pants and then you pulled out a gun and then you shot me once in the leg but you missed the other two times, and then I fell down and-"

>"SHUT UP! I mean, what's with all the monsters?"
"Monsters? What monsters? Like I said, I was in the back jacking off when you came in."

>"You mean to tell me that you were choking the chicken all day?"
"Uh-huh."

>"You were pumping the porpoise all day?"
"Yep."

>"Slamming the ham?"
"Indeed."

>"Spanking the monkey?"
"Affirmative."

>"Slapping the salami?"
"Mm-hmm."

>"Beating the banana?"
"Check."

>"Chafing the . . ."
Nick probably would have kept going if that lightning-spewing alien hadn't busted the door down.

>

>

>PLEEEEESE write a review on this and tell me if this story is worth continuing.

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3. Finding New Specimens

Chapter 3

>
The lightning monster fired a beam of electricity at the door, blowing it to pieces. Nick and Barry quickly looked to the door to see what monstrosity would approach. The smoke cleared, and from it a horrid green monster appeared. It walked on two legs, its movements static and sudden. Barry screamed.

>"WHAT IN THE NAME OF GOD IS THAT?"
Nick raised his pistol and aimed it at the creature's singular eye. The alien, anticipating this attack, began forming a stream of energy in front of him. Nick ducked just in time, because a split second later a bolt of lightning shot an inch away from the top of his head, almost singeing his hair.

>"Holy crap," he said.
Barry was still screaming, so Nick ran over to him and helped him to his feet, draping Barry's arm over his shoulder while slapping him, telling him to shut up.

>"AHHHHHHH!" Barry screamed and pointed at the green beast.
Nick looked up to see the alien forming yet another chain of energy. Taking careful aim and preparing for the kick of the gun, Nick unloaded five shots into the eye of the alien. Its head flew back with the impact of the one bullet that hit it; its eye sprayed yellow glue onto the floor as it did something of a backflip to the floor, landing on its back and making bizarre gurgling sounds.

>Barry stopped screaming.
"What the hell was that?"

>Nick shook his head.
"I don't know."

>Barry stared dumbfounded at the alien corpse that lay before him. Nick helped him to a chair. Nick broke off a piece of the headcrab corpse that he had brought with him and put it under a microscope. He did the same with the lightning alien's skin, placing it under a different microscope.
"Barry, could you analyze these two samples for me while I find the others?"

>Barry shook his head.
"There's no way in hell I'm staying here unarmed."

>Nick sighed. What a pussy. He handed the pistol over to Barry, making sure it still had bullets.
Barry looked up.

>"What will you use?"
Nick smiled and pulled a lighter out of his coat. He then went over to the supply cabinet and pulled out an aerosol can of WD40.

>Barry laughed.
"You've been watching 'Arachnophobia' too much."

>Nick duct taped the two together using tape he found in the cabinet. He left without another word.
Nick switched the lighter on and headed to the "Hub," a spot where all the scientists, except some, had secretly agreed to run to in the event of emergency. Nick thought that this qualified as an emergency. On the way over, he had to jump over wrecked electronic equipment, duck under nearly collapsed roof structures, and crawl through vents to get to the small room where ten scientists sat, waiting for something to happen. When Nick spotted them, he loudly yelled.

>"HEY, GUYS!"
They all screamed like little girls. Nick smiled.

>"I'm here, guys! Let's get out of here! The military should be here any minute to rescue us! What the hell happened, anyway?"
One of the scientists stood up and explained everything, how that day's subject was involved, how the portals had opened up, and why that guy in the back was wearing women's clothing.

>"They make me feel free," he said.
Nick paused.

>"Riiiiiiight. Anyway, lets go!"
Simultaneously, the scientists

yelled their reply.

>"FUCK NO!"
Nick recoiled.

>"Why?"
The one in the back wearing women's clothing, Larry/Loretta, stood up and explained.

>"Campbell went out there five minutes ago and he hasn't come back yet! He's probably dead!" Larry/Loretta creased his/her dress.

>"Then we'll find him! Come on, what are you waiting for?" Nick looked around the dimly lit room, at the balding, petrified scientists, each with his sphincter tight in fear.
"I can protect you," he said, pointing to his makeshift flame-thrower. Yeah, like that helped.

>The scientists shook their heads.
Without a choice, Nick walked up to the scientist directly in front of him, Sam. He rose the flame-thrower to Sam's face, his finger ready to depress the button on the aerosol can.

>"You WILL come with me or Sam here gets it."
Nervously, the scientists shook their heads. All of them except for Sam, of course, who was nodding like crazy, his ass spewing pounds of crap into his underwear.

>Nick spoke again.
"5."

>The scientists talked amongst themselves, each wondering if Nick was really serious.
"4."

>They stared at Nick in disbelief.
"3."

>Now they yelled, they yelled for him to stop it.
"2."

>They yelled louder, whilst Sam introduced all kinds of new bodily fluids to his blue jeans.
"1."

>"OKAY! OKAY! WE'LL GO WITH YOU!" The scientists threw up their hands in defeat.
Nick smiled and lowered the flame-thrower.

>"I'm glad you see it my way. Let's go."
He then led them back to the lab where Barry sat, examining the alien pieces. Each of the ten scientists stopped.

>"You actually killed two of these things?"
When Nick nodded, the scientists felt much safer. Barry looked up.

>"Truthfully, there is nothing special about this little one," he said, pointing to the headcrab corpse. "It has superior leg muscles and mucus instead of blood, and there is this extra organ in its abdomen that I have not yet found a use for, but other than that, pretty boring. This next one, however, is different. It also has mucus for blood, but the real interesting stuff is in its mind. I've been examining it, and it is identical to ours in every way, save for this extra lobe here. This lobe is connected to the creature's hands. The lobe secretes some kind of enzyme that the hands produce into lightning. There, the lightning is formed and used." Nick stood up.
"Is that all you found out?"

>Barry recoiled, offended.
"What are you talking about? This is an amazing discovery! No creature like this has ever been seen on the planet earth! Think of the possibilities! We could u-"

>"You spent most of the time in here masturbating, didn't you."
"Um . . . yeah."

>"That's what I thought. Anyway, find out what that extra organ is for on the small one and get back to me. And you guys"-he pointed to the other scientists-"stay here and find out as much as you can. We are all going to be very rich men. I'm going to see if I can find any more specimens."
Nick headed out just as the scientists began work on the corpses. He headed towards the experimentation chamber, hoping to gain new specimens from where the trouble started. In the hallway to the chamber, Nick saw a scientist slumped against a wall, with a headcrab attached to his face. He poked the headcrab. Nothing. He hit it. Nothing. Gleefully, Nick picked up the scientist, hoisted him

over his shoulder, and brought him back to the lab, throwing him down onto a table when he entered.

>The scientists stared.
"Holy shit."

>Barry rolled his chair over to the new arrival. He nodded.
"Now I know what that extra organ is for. At first, I thought it was the creature's dick, but now I think I understand. It is an implant organ."

>The scientists scratched their heads.
"Any of you guys ever see 'Alien?'"

>The scientists nodded. "Oh."
"Anyway, the crab jumps onto a human and sticks the organ into the brain, squirting a liquid that changes the brain's regular rhythm into something different. The liquid seeps to all parts of the host's body, mutating it and giving the crab full control. Essentially, the crab possesses its host."

>When Barry finished that sentence, as if on cue, the possessed scientist jumped up from the table and slashed Barry across the face. As Barry bled and the other scientists screamed, two soldiers with guns marched through the doorway into the lab.
"Oh, thank God," Larry/Loretta yelled.

>The soldiers began shooting.

4. A Plethora of Movie Ripoffs

Chapter 4

>
The two soldiers opened fire on the room of scientists. Their bullets burst from their guns with a deafening roar, and some were dead before they even heard it. Men fell left and right, looks of shock on their faces as the men they thought would save them destroyed them. Nick suddenly understood what was happening and acted. He ran to a nearby table and threw it on its side, ducking behind it for cover. Nick looked around as the possessed (was there any other way to describe it?) scientist used the bodies of his victims as cover, making the corpses take the bullets. Nick looked up to the countertop beside him, spotting his gun. He reached out to grab it, but he quickly shot his hand back as parts of the counter were turned into Swiss cheese by the bullets. He waited for the gunfire to stop. Nick grabbed the gun and waited.

>The bullets flew all around him, some hitting the metal tabletop but not penetrating it. Finally, the gunfire stopped as Nick heard the clicking sounds of the soldiers reloading their guns. Nick took advantage of the situation.
He jumped up and pointed his gun at one of the soldiers, noticing that the possessed scientist was approaching them as well. Nick aimed for the head of the soldier and pulled the trigger over and over. Suprisingly enough, every shot connected with its target. Bitchin'. The back of the soldier's head exploded as the bullets crashed through his skull. He fell back from the impact, dead. The other soldier quickly finished reloading his gun, unfazed by his comrade's demise. Nick pointed the gun at the other soldier and pulled the trigger. Nick heard the empty metallic click of the gun as the soldier raised his machine gun.

>"Oh, shi-"
>Nick dropped to the floor as the machine gun burst bullets where he was a split second before, almost singing his hair. Whoa, dÃ©jÃ vu. The bullets followed him as they beat against the table, making large indentations. They got bigger and bigger, closer and closer as the bullets were about to penetrate the table. Suddenly, they stopped and started back up again in a different direction. Nick looked up from his hiding place in time to see the possessed scientist throwing his claw against the face of the soldier, sending him reeling as blood spurted from his face. The

possessed scientist walked over to the moaning soldier, but the moans soon turned to screams as the monster clawed again and again at his face, throwing blood left and right as if a hose was spewing the stuff. The screams stopped, and the creature bent down and ripped the soldier's chest open, feasting on his organs. Nick ran over to the opposite side of the room where he had laid his flame-thrower. He switched the lighter on and approached the monster from the back.

>"Hey, fuck-face!" (Line stolen from "Tales From the Crypt Presents Demon Knight" starring Billy Zane, 1994.)
The possessed scientist turned its head to Nick, its mouth dripping with blood.

>"What do you say we heat things up a bit?" (Line stolen from "The Thing" starring Kurt Russell, 1982.)
And with that, Nick depressed the button on top of the aerosol can. A wave of flame leapt forth as the creature swiped at Nick. Nick easily dodged the attack by stepping backward. The flame caught onto the remains of the scientist's jacket. The monster clawed at itself, trying to put out the fire. Nick kept the button depressed. The flames caught all parts of the soon-to-be-ex-possessed-scientist, its body burning, letting out a foul stench as it died. Finally, the screaming and the thrashing stopped.

>"Groovy." (Line stolen from "Evil Dead 2" starring Bruce Campbell, 1987.)
Nick turned away from the burning corpse, back into the lab to survey the damage. He stepped over the bodies, the pools of blood. After checking the room, he found that there were four of the original twelve scientists left, excluding himself. There was Larry/Loretta, who was clutching his/her dress in fear, Sam, who was in the back wetting his pants, Biff, who was in the back pinching his mustache, and Barry, who was in the back holding gauze to his bleeding face with one hand and masturbating with the other.
>Nick shook his head.
"Can't you stop chafing the whale for two seconds?" (Line taken from "The Raimi Family Home Movies" starring me, 1988.)

>Barry stopped and asked "What now?"
Nick looked around at the bloodstained room.

>"Now we get the hell out of here."
Larry/Loretta stood.

>"What happened to the scientific glory that you spoke of earlier? Of the fame we would get from these new specimens?"
Nick rubbed his head.

>"I changed my mind. When those soldiers started shooting, I suddenly understood. The government doesn't want any of us to tell the world what we have seen. They're gonna do anything they can to silence us. The only thing important now is survival."
Sam stood, trying to cover up the enormous urine stain in his pants.

>"But the military was supposed to help us!"
Nick shook his head.

>"No shit, Sherlock. I guess things changed."
Sam sat back down.

>Biff looked up.
"How do you intend to do that?"

>Nick smiled and pointed to the fallen soldier.
"Look at his belt."

>Each of the remaining scientists looked at the belt and saw . . . grenades.
"I got an idea." (Line stolen from "Return of the Jedi" starring Mark Hamill, 1983.)

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5. The Tram

Nick relieved the soldier's corpse of its weapons except for the

grenades and then dragged it to the now-sealed metal entrance door.

>"Step back, guys and girl."
The remaining scientists jumped behind the guard's surveillance desk, now long-abandoned. Nick kneeled and put his finger around the pin of one of the grenades.

>"3 . . . 2 . . . 1!"
Nick pulled the pin from the grenade and ran back to the surveillance desk. He leaped over the front of it and ducked, covering his ears.

>The room was rocked with a deafening explosion as the first grenade exploded, triggering the other six. The body exploded in a fireball of flesh and blood. Shrapnel flew over the heads of the scientists, slamming into the wall behind them. When the smoke cleared, a large hole appeared in the door, exposing a path to the entranceexit tram.

>The scientists casually stood up and crouched through the hole, ignoring the relatively boring event that had just occurred.
The tram sat attached to the rail, indifferent to the events that had happened around it. Each of the scientists walked in and took a seat, save for Nick, who opened a control panel and started the tram up. It coughed to life and started moving backwards, back to the surface.

>Surprisingly enough, nothing happened on the way over.
Actually, that's a lie.

>About halfway to the surface, something heavy landed on the roof. Each of the scientists looked up, remembering the elevator scene from Terminator 2: Judgement Day. Thinking ahead, Nick tossed his pistol to Barry, his flame-thrower to LarryLoretta, the machine gun from one of the soldiers to Biff, and nothing to Sam, for fear he would blow his own brains out. Nick kept the shotgun that was on the other soldier.

>"Don't fire unless I say so."
The scientists, too afraid to object, nodded.

>New dents appeared in the roof of the tram as whatever was up there tried to get in, its attempts foiled by the titanium roof. They sat in silence, watching as the roof slowly got closer and closer to the breaking point. Nick's finger tightened around the trigger as he raised the shotgun to the roof.
The roof started creaking, and Barry quickly whipped it out and began beating it, hoping that if he was to die, he wanted to die coming.

>"STOP THAT!" Nick yelled, tired of seeing that millimeter peter. Barry quickly shoved it back in.
Suddenly, the roof disintegrated slowly, as if it was being eaten away. When there was a big enough hole, the acid-spitter broke through, its mouth-tentacles (?) moving independently, its tail moving casually as if nothing was happening. It turned to Nick, whose face was upturned in a sneer.

>"Another one?"
As if it understood what Nick had said, it turned to face him. Suddenly, the tentacles splayed outward as the creature screamed.

>"FIRE!" Nick shouted as he pulled the trigger.
Each of the scientists fired at the creature, quickly turning it into slimy Swiss cheese, but not before it launched an acid loogie at Nick.

>Unluckily for him, he didn't move as fast as he should have, and the acid loogie hit him in the left arm, quickly eating away at the flesh. His arm went limp.
"HOLY SHIT!" Nick stared at his lifeless arm in horror.

>Biff ran over and ripped the sleeve off of Nick's labcoat. He wrapped it around Nick's arm as Nick screamed. He tied the sleeve above the elbow Nick's bleeding arm. The bleeding came to a halt.

"Ever play 'Fear Effect?'" Biff asked. It was well known that Biff was a connoisseur of fine videogames.
>Nick stared at Biff, confused as hell.
Biff whipped out a pocket knife and cut the lifeless part of Nick's arm off.
>"Your new name is Glas." (If you don't get this reference, then play the Playstation game "Fear Effect." You can probably guess what happens to the character of Glas.)
"MY ARM! MY ARM!"
>Biff punched Nick in the face, the universal sign for "Shut the hell up."
Nick couldn't calm down.
>"MY ARM! MY FUCKING ARM! THE BASTARDS TOOK MY FUCKING ARM!"
He fell to his knees, tears rolling down his face.
>"Gimme back my hand," he pleaded. "GIMME BACK MY HAND!!!" (Line stolen from Evil Dead 2 starring Bruce Campbell, 1987.)
Biff pumped Nick full of painkillers from the doctor's bag he took from the lab. Nick was significantly happier, and he soon fell asleep.

>When he woke, Nick gained control of himself. He traded his shotgun for the machine gun, which made him feel better. They waited in silence as the tram rumbled towards the destination, alien corpse and all.
Soon, the tram came upon sunlight as it approached its station at the foot of the mountain.
>It grinded to a halt at the station and the exhausted scientists stood up. As they approached the door, at least ten aliens approached the tram, walking in a straight horizontal line, like Riverdance. It was divided pretty evenly between acid-spitters, lightning-throwers, and possessed scientists. There was one headcrab, trying to look just as tough as its compadres.
The scientists raised there guns, Nick using his teeth to release the safety.
>"Last stop."

6. The Standoff

>The scientists stuck their arms out of the windows and blasted the alien menace, each of them pulling the trigger like there was no tomorrow; right then, the idea wasn't so unusual. Aliens fell left and right, their mucus-soaked corpses falling to the ground. The scientists thought they had won, when, all of a sudden, the ammo burst from Sam's gun stopped. And then Biff's. And then LarryLoretta's. And then Nick's.
>The clicks of the empty guns scared the scientists more than anything else they had seen that day. They knew they were about to die. All except Nick that is, who had a tendency for never giving up.

"Anybody got any ammo left?" He looked around, expecting the answer "no."
>He didn't get that answer, but something worse. Silence. A silence so loud it pierced the skulls of the men who stood in the tram, all of them waiting for the inevitable.
The standing scientists looked at the horizon, and saw the figures of two acid-spitters, and two lightning-throwers. The scientists closed their eyes, afraid of the death they knew to be so near.
>The first acid-spitter's tail shot up, as did the second's. The two lightning-throwers prepared for attack.
"What the fuck are you guys waiting for?" Barry zipped his pants back up.
>Nick looked down too see Barry chambering the first round of the unused clip for his pistol.
Nick's eyes widened.

>"DUCK!!"
The scientists dropped to the floor as lightning and mucus slammed into the side of the tram. The two holes slowly opened

in the hull as the acid ate away at the metal.
>Nick crawled to Barry.
"Masturbating?"
>"Uh-huh."
"So you didn't see the monsters or hear me ask for
ammo, did you?"
>"Nope."
"Gimme dat!"
>Nick swiped the pistol from Barry and checked the magazine. All 17
rounds left. Damn, those soldiers they had blown away sure were
carrying a lot of stuff.
Nick ran to the closed door, as did the
other scientists. They all knew the door had an extra sheet of
titanium and couldn't be broken unless a grenade was detonated right
next to it.
>Beads of sweat rolled down Nick's face as his remaining arm grasped
the pistol. The holes in the hull got larger and larger, and bolts
were soon hitting the opposite side of the tram.
Nick waited for
a break in the firing and leapt out.
>He aimed at the first lightning-thrower and fired thrice. The first
two missed, but the third penetrated the creature's throat. The
monster clawed at his throat as mucus sprayed forth. There was a
discomforting gurgle as the creature drowned in its own bodily fluid.
As this happened, Nick shot at the first acid-spitter, sending a
bullet right down its mouth and killing it almost instantly. He
jumped back to the door, barely missing a mucus ball and a lightning
stream.
Once again, he waited for a break and jumped out. He
wasted six bullets on the lighting thrower before he finally put him
down with the seventh. Nick rolled to the right, back to the door,
just as an acid ball shot past his left ear.
>Barry wiped his hands on his coat. "How many you got left?"
Nick
shrugged.
>Acid hit the back wall as Nick jumped out. He fired four times at
the beast, connecting with every shot but only doing real damage with
the last.
The horror slumped to the ground mucus squirted out,
like those cowboys in cartoons who drink water right after being shot
many times.
>The scientists stepped out onto the field of death and surveyed what
they had done.
Nick was the first to say what they had all been
thinking.
>"Man, we kick ass."

>

7. Elevators, Elevators, and More Elevators

The scientists stepped over the field of death with smiles on their
faces. The mere vision of the smoking corpses was enough to bring a
bit of cockiness to even Sam.
>They walked to the edge of the cliff to the emergency elevator,
which had been installed years ago. They all got in and Nick pushed
the down button, sending the rusty contraption slowly downward,
creaking all the way.
About halfway down, Nick looked over the
back railing and saw a large concrete wall with an opening in its
middle, behind it another elevator being guarded by two soldiers, one
armed with a shotgun, the other with an automatic.
>Nick smiled. "Hey guys, look at this."
The scientists looked at
the two military figures pacing back and forth, completely full of
themselves. Everyone smiled.
>Biff spoke up. "I don't feel scared at all, you know. I feel kind of
invincible."
Sam stood. "I've got a very positive attitude about
this." (Lines stolen from "Big Trouble in Little China" starring Kurt
Russell, 1986.)
>Nick's face dropped slightly when he realized where they were on the

"ammo" front. He checked the only remaining clip left for his pistol. Two bullets. Shit.
"Uh, guys?"

>The scientists looked up.
"We're gonna have to find something else to use against these guys. I've only got two bullets left, and we need a backup plan if I don't hit both of them."

>Barry rubbed his head; his face upturned in what seemed to be an expression of deep thought. Suddenly, his head shot up.
"I've got one!"

>The scientists looked at Barry, perplexed. Wasn't he supposed to be jerking off or something?
"Hey, stop looking at me like that. Anyway, here's my plan." Barry laid it out for them.

>
The elevator stopped, and the scientists exited. The wall was about 300 feet away. Larry/Loretta and Biff ran to the left side of it, close to the mountain. Sam ran directly to the left of the wall's opening, holding the empty shotgun. Biff ran to the right of the entrance, pistol tucked into his belt.

>Sam nodded.
Nick ran out, screaming and yelling, his remaining hand spanking his own ass.

>"BAD MONKEY! BAD MONKEY! SEE THE YO-YO! PEANUT BUTTER, PEANUT BUTTER, PEANUT BUTTER! WOOOOOT! WOOOOT!"
The confused soldiers looked at each other, and after a silent moment came to a solution, that being "Waste the crazy motherfucker."

>Nick ran back past the opening in the wall, to where the other scientists were waiting. He went back to his original position, right next to the opening.
"COME ON, KILL ME, I'M HERE!" (Line stolen from "Predator" starring Arnold Schwarzenegger You know what? I don't care about the year the movie came out! I think spelling "Schwarzenegger" correctly is enough.)

>The soldiers went through, the one with the shotgun coming out first. Nick raised his gun and pushed it up to the soldier's head. Before he could understand what was going on, Nick had pulled the trigger twice, making a considerable mess out of what used to be a skull.
The soldier with the machine gun quickly ran out, hoping to find out what had happened. The soldier turned to his left and saw Nick; gun smoking, hands in the air.

>The marine was about to raise his gun when Sam swung the empty shotgun like a baseball bat, making a loud CRACK as it collided with the skull of the military figure. The soldier collapsed like a wet sack of like a wet sack.
Nick's mouth dropped open.

>"Holy shit, it worked! How did you come up with that, Barry? Maybe you're actually smart when you're not masturbating!"
Barry shrugged.

>The scientists robbed the corpses of their possessions . . . again.
Once they were finished, the band of men in labcoats got in the elevator and once again descended into a canyon.

>Biff looked up. "Where does this go?"
"To the exit," Sam said.

>They all looked out over the railing and saw what, at the moment, seemed like the most beautiful feeling in the world.
The road.

>They saw the road.
The exit was a large steel gate which would have normally blocked the long path to the black pavement. The path normally would have weaved through the canyon. Something was different, however.

>The sides of the canyon had been knocked out to make the canyon itself much larger, but the canyon had been turned into a large steel building.
(Sorry for the lousy description. Just imagine a large steel base with a path leading to an elevator on its south side, a path to the road on its north side, and its west and east sides

covered by rock. The entrance to the building is a large closed steel gate. Geez, this is beginning to sound like "ZORK.")

>Nick scratched his head. "What do you suppose that's for?"
None of them had any ideas.

>The elevator stopped and the scientists ran to the gate, only to stop dead in their tracks.
The large, closed steel gate loomed over them like a, uh, big looming thing.

>Barry leaned over to Nick. "Uh, how do we get past this one, chief?"
Nick shrugged. "Grenades?"

>Remembering what they had done before, Larry/Loretta took out the grenades that they had gotten from the soldiers from his/her dress. He/she threw them at the gate, making a molehill of boom-rocks at the base of the large steel gate. They all took cover behind the parts of the canyon that jutted out, save for Sam.

>Showing great courage, Sam ran to the hill of grenades and took the top one into his hand. He pulled the pin, dropped the grenade, and ran like hell back to the elevator.
The explosion made the ground tremor. Shrapnel flew in the direction of the scientists, clattering against the walls. The force of the explosion blew Sam into the back rail of the elevator, cracking several of his ribs and giving him a generally unpleasant feeling.

>The smoke cleared, and the battered men looked to the door.
A large hole had appeared in the door, exposing a path to the entrance/exit tram.

>No, wait a minute. That's what happened last time. This time, the door remained solid, with nothing save for a big black blast mark on its front.
The men dropped to the ground. The arrogant attitude that had inhabited their gang disappeared. Even Nick knew they were screwed. They had come this far, and now this friggin door prevented their exit.

>Sam limped over to the team and fell down.
"What now?"

>As if on cue, the gate slightly creaked open and a very loud growl could be heard.
Nick smiled. "Now, Larry/Loretta goes in there and sees what that noise was."

>Larry/Loretta jumped up. "What are you talking about? Why should I have to? Do you have something against women, is that it? Well, why don't you just go and-"

>"Shut up. Anyway, ladies first."
"Shit."

>Larry/Loretta walked to the gate, unarmed. He/She slowly got closer and closer as the growl sounded again. He/She looked through into the room and yelled/screamed.

>HeShe ran back to the elevator, arms flailing and mouth screaming.

>HeShe quickly pushed the up button and the elevator slowly climbed up.

>Nick stood up. "WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING? GET DOWN HERE!"
Larry/Loretta shook his/her head. "No! I don't want to! That thing will get me!"

>"WHAT THING? LARRYLORETTA? LARRY/LORETTA? ANSWER ME?"

>But heshe had tuned him out, as women sometimes do.

>Nick once again unlocked the safety of his stolen machine gun as the growl got louder and closer. The growl rattled the brains of the men, and they all felt the ground rumble as whatever was in there got closer.
"Whatever comes out of these gates, we stand a better chance of surviving if we work together." (Line stolen from "Gladiator" starring Russell Crowe, 1999.)

> <p><p>

The pounding grew louder and louder as whatever was in the building grew closer and closer. The scientists readied their guns, save for Larry/Loretta, of course, who was watching the building from the top of the cliff.

>"We've come too far to go down! We will succeed!" Nick's optimism was beginning to get on the nerves of everyone.
"We will win! We will fight to the death! And then, they will say of us, never, have so many, done so much, for so few." (Line stolen from "Robin Hood: Men In Tights" starring Cary Elwes, 1993.)

>"We will be heroes! We will be celebrities! Never again, will weâ€"BARRY! ZIP your PANTS UP, FOR GOD SAKES!"
"Sorry, chief."

>"RRROOOOOOAAAAARRRRRR!"
"Arms at ready, gentlemen!"

>The scientists stood, their guns at their sides, waiting for THEIR cue to raise them.
"(Sigh) Arms at ready, nerds!"

>The scientists raised their guns.
Suddenly, a huge monster burst from the building, sending the doors flying into the canyon wall behind the humans, all of which had just lost a lot of confidence.

>The monster had one large red orb of an eye in the middle of its head. The head itself was the size of a tank and hunched over. The sheer size of it was overwhelming, and the scientists were amazed it had fit inside the building in the first place. (For those of you who have played Half-Life and think that "Hey, wait a minute, I've never seen this monster before," this is actually a poor description of those large monsters that you can only kill in really weird ways, such as electrocuting it with 5000 volts or blowing it to smithereens. Sorry to slow you down.)
"FIRE!!!!"

>The scientists' let loose with lines of gunfire.
Bullets bounced off of the behemoth, (I've always wanted to say the word "behemoth) none doing any damage. The small metal capsules simply bounced off and hit the walls. Some penetrated the creature's eye, but nothing really bad happened to the monster other than some eye itching. Imagine shooting King Kong in the eye with a peashooter. The scientists were naturally disheartened by the result of their gunfire, but they remained vigilant. The creature processed what was happening to it, and it reacted.

>A stream of fire-lightning shot from the right hand of the creature, aimed at our heroes.
"RUN!!!!!" Nick yelled.

>The scientists flocked to the sides of the canyon, running with their heads down. The beam of death slowly followed the group on the left wall: Sam, and Nick. They quickly ran to the elevator behind them, still firing at the monster to distract it.
Nick pointed at the remaining scientist on the other side of the canyon: Biff and Barry. "GO! RUN TO THE ROAD! NOW!"

>The scientists ran to the building, but they suddenly stopped. Biff turned to Barry and said what they both were thinking.
"We go down, we go down fighting."

>The scientists fired at the monster's back, aiming for what they thought was the ass.
"How do ya like that, huh?" Biff laughed as he pulled the trigger over and over.

>As the beam of flame and electricity neared Nick and Sam, it suddenly stopped. The creature jumped and grabbed its hindquarters. When it landed, the ground shook. The monster turned to Biff and Barry. The stream of fire barely missed Barry, but it hit Biff straight on. Biff screamed as the flames cackled on his labcoat. Remembering his childhood, he stopped, dropped, and rolled. The fire went out, but Biff was still very badly burned. He raised his gun at the creature and screamed as he fired.
"IS THAT ALL YOU GOT? HUH?"

COME ON, YOU MOTHERFUCKER!"

>As if to answer, the creature pointed his hand at Biff.
The fire spewed from his hand, but Barry quickly picked up Biff and moved him. All those years of masturbation really gave you good muscles. (I wish. He he he.)

>Nick and Sam ran to where Biff and Barry were, guns blazing.

Suddenly, Nick had an idea.
"AIM FOR ITS DICK!"

>The scientists fired away where the sun didn't shine, sending the monster reeling back from the wave of concentrated gunfire. It stepped back, into the elevator shaft where the elevator itself waited a mile up.
The men fired at the thing's crotch, their fire unrelenting.

>The creature tried to cover itself, but the gunfire hurt its hands too much and they were forced to pull back.
Suddenly, Nick's gun clicked with the sound of an empty chamber. He searched his pockets for extra clips, only to find none. Within minutes, the same thing happened to the other men, until the gunfire stopped altogether.

>"Oh, shit. This happens way too often," Sam noted.
The monster pointed its hand at the quivering scientists and fired.

>(Dramatic pause)
Unfortunately for the monster, a two-ton elevator crashed its skull into oblivion before the stream could reach the scientists. Monster brains splattered the ground.

>When the scientists actually realized what had just happened, they looked to the top of the shaft to see LarryLoretta with a chainsaw in his/her hand, the severed cord that held the elevator in place swinging back and forth next to him.

>They all were astonished.
Barry asked what they were all thinking.

>"Where did you get that chainsaw?"
"I always keep one in my panties, for occasions such as this."

>"Well, how are you going to get down?"
"I'm an experienced climber. Watch this."

>LarryLoretta clutched the canyon wall and made it to the bottom within twenty minutes, which was quite a feat considering the distance. When he/she rejoined the group, they all walked into the building, not paying attention to the signs on the wall reading "Big Scary Almost Indestructible Monster Storage Building." When they reached the other side of the building (Biff being carried by Sam), they opened the human-size door and gazed at the Black Mesa horizon. Just as they took their first step to freedom, they were stopped by an all too familiar voice.

>"Nisssssse work, gentlemen."

9. The End?

The Last Chapter . . .?

>
The scientists turned around to see a morbid-looking man in a neatly pressed suit holding a suitcase and straightening his tie. They knew him as the administrator. The G Man. Nick was the first to make the connection.

>"You bastard! You did this!"
The G Man chuckled his strange chuckle and spoke in the voice of a snake.

>"Yessssssssssss, bassssssssssically. Thankssssssss to your intelligensssssssse in examining thosssssssssse samplssssssss, you opened a portal to the over world, Xen, where thessssssssssse creaturessssssssss came from. Thankssssssssss to Freeman, it isssssssss now in our control."
"Hmm," Nick thought, "I guess that asshole was good for something; helping the bad guys." When I talked to him,

I wassssssssss offering a job. When I talked to misssssster Sssssshepard, I was detaining him. I have no such choice with you. You ssssssse, there are ssssssimply too many of you to hire or imprisssssson. You know too much. I am afraid you musssssst be exterminated."

>Nick laughed.
"Ha! You think YOU can kill us? Do you know what we've been through? You're nothing."

>"Oh really, misssssster Poodoo? Watch thisssssss."
In a flash, the G Man was holding a rocket launcher.

>"What? How didâ€" Nick was interrupted as The G Man loaded a rocket into the launcher.
"Goodbye, misssssster Poodoo."

>The G Man pointed the launcher at the grouping of scientists.

Without Nick needing to tell them to do so, the scientists ran out the door that they were feet away from, Biff still being carried by Sam. After exiting the building, they ran to the right, blocking the G Man's aim of them.

>Barry stated the obvious.
"We don't have any ammo to use against him!"

>The G Man walked out of the building and spotted them. Calmly, he raised the rocket launcher and fired. The men ran away from it, but the shockwave from the explosion blew them around the corner, away from the G Man again.
Nick pointed at Larry/Loretta and asked for the chainsaw.

>Larry/Loretta whipped it out (the chainsaw, that is) and handed it to Nick.

>"All right, thanks. Okay, you guys distract him. I'll run around back and saw him up."
Barry raised his hand.

>"Question. Most of the sides of the building are built into the canyon. It is impossible to 'run around' it."
Nick shook his head and pointed at a section of the building.

>"Look."
The scientists did, and saw a door just inches away from canyon wall.

>"I'm going to go through there, come out the door, and cut that cocksucker's head off."
All the scientists nodded in agreement, except for Sam.

>"How will we 'distract' him?"
Nick shrugged, and, with that, opened the door and ran into the building.

>The G Man turned the corner and saw the clustering of old men.

"Where isssss misssssster Poodoo?"

>Just then, Nick jumped from behind the corner, chainsaw at ready.

He swung high, and the G Man's head came off, with no blood, strangely enough. The decapitated body fell to the floor inches away from its head. The suitcase was flung several feet away from both.

>"Yes! Man, I wassss getting really tired of that guy'ssss sssssspeech impediment. Ha! Man, I'm glad he's dead."
Suddenly, the arms on the body started moving, searching for its lost companion.

>The scientists' reaction was unanimous.
"HOLY SHIT!!!!!!!!!!!"

>The body reattached its head, stood up, and made another rocket launcher appear.
Biff, with his extensive knowledge of horror movies, shouted, "Go 'Evil Dead' on his ass!"

>As the G Man reloaded the launcher, Nick asked, "What?"
Biff explained it to him as you would to a twelve year old. "In the Evil Dead movies, the only safe way to dispose of the undead was by dismembering them and then burying them! What I'm saying is, go Bruce Campbell on his ass!"

>The G Man raised the rocket launcher again.
Nick brought down the chainsaw hard, slicing off the G Man's left arm. He brought it down again, slicing off his right arm. Then, with all of his strength, he

re-decapitated the G Man. (Scene stolen from "Evil Dead 2" starring Bruce Campbell, 1988.)
>The headless, armless body hopped around, kicking Nick while the head taunted him.
"Come on, you pansy!"
>Nick recoiled.
"Look, you stupid bastard, you've got no arms left!"
>"Yes I have."
"Look!"
>"Its just a flesh wound. Come on then!"
(Lines stolen from "Monty Python and the Quest for the Holy Grail" starring Michael Palin, Terry Jones, John Cleese, Eric Idle, Graham Chapman, and Terry Gilliam, 1970-something. Duh.)
>Ignoring the dumbass head, Nick lopped off the legs with one strong swing.
The humans dug a large hole, and kicked the pieces of the ex-administrator into the hole.
>Biff scoffed. "Zombies! They're even worse than the bloody cats!" (Line stolen from "Conker's Bad Fur Day" for the Nintendo 64, 2001.)
They buried the son of a bitch, but, as they were about to leave, Sam noticed the suitcase.
>"Hey," he said. "Wanna find out who wins the bet?"
Nick smiled. "Yeah, sure, why not?"
>The scientists walked over to the suitcase and Nick picked it up. He moved over and placed it on a rock, away from the others. Noticing there was no lock of any kind, Nick opened it. A yellow light shone onto his face, much like the suitcase from "Pulp Fiction."
Barry began walking over to Nick when Nick suddenly raised a hand to him. "Stop. Don't come any closer."
>Barry did.
"Well, what is it?"
>Nick wiped the sweat from his forehead and took a deep breath.
"Well, it ain't a dildo."
>
THE END . . . ?
>If you have just finished reading this chapter, that means you are A) A Poodoo fan or B) A pothead. In any case, if you want me to write more, then review this chapter and tell me if I should. Otherwise, you'll never find out what's in the suitcase

> <p><p>

End
file.